



**Jotobots Rollout!**

FLOOR IT, MIRAGE!  
I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT THIS  
WHOLE CAVERN IS COMING  
DOWN AROUND OUR EARS.

# ESCAPE FROM PRIMUS

WHY ARE YOU  
FLEEING THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL SIGHT IN  
THE UNIVERSE?

YOU ARE AT THE HEART  
OF A TRANSFORMING  
WORLD. YOU'LL BECOME  
PART OF HIM—FOOD FOR  
PRIMUS!

YOU ARE  
GRIST FOR THE  
COGS AND AUGERS  
OF HIS DIVINE MILL.  
EMBRACE THY  
FATE!

EAT DIRT,  
CRYPTKEEPER!






**KA-RUMBLE**

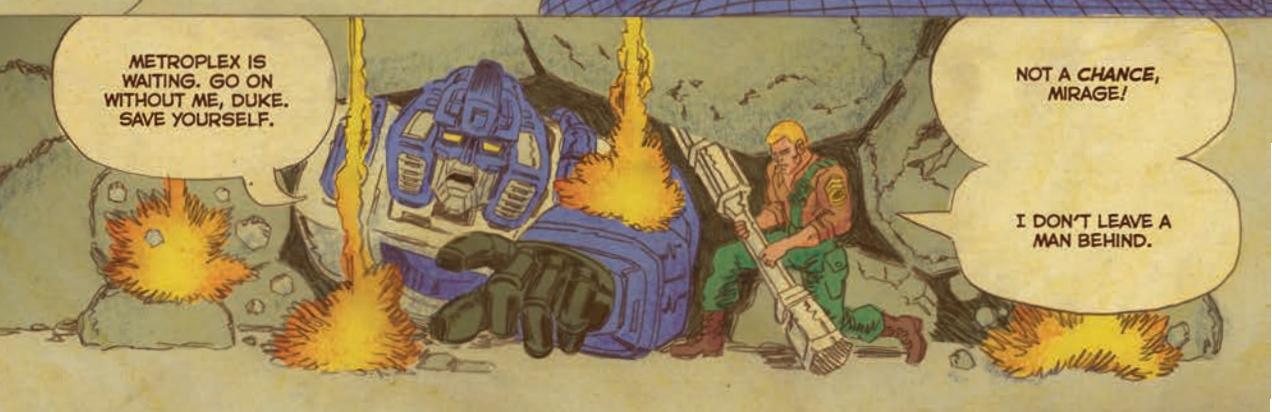
ARRGH!!

WHOA! NEXT TIME,  
LET ME DO THE  
DRIVING!



DON'T YOU WORRY NONE,  
COVERGIRL. I GOTCHA.

THE ONLY THING  
I GOTTA WORRY ABOUT  
IS YOU CRUSHING  
MY RIBS, BRAWN.  
LOOSEN UP!



METROPLEX IS  
WAITING. GO ON  
WITHOUT ME, DUKE.  
SAVE YOURSELF.

NOT A CHANCE,  
MIRAGE!

I DON'T LEAVE A  
MAN BEHIND.

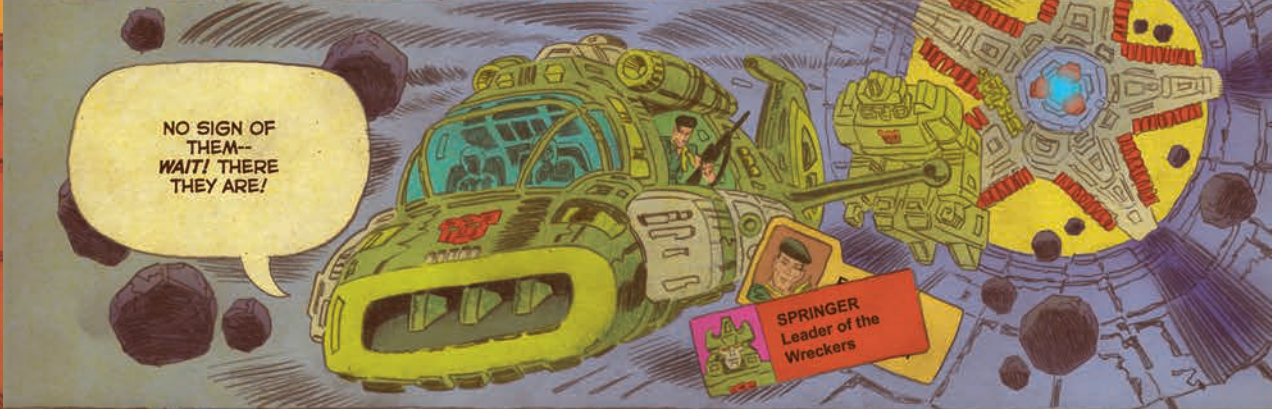


WELCOME HOME.  
WELCOME TO  
METROPLEX--  
OOF!

THERE'S TWO MORE STILL  
DOWN THERE, SPRINGER.  
DUKE AND  
MIRAGE.

LET'S GO,  
TEAM.

ON IT,  
BOSS!



NO SIGN OF  
THEM--  
WAIT! THERE  
THEY ARE!

 **SPRINGER**  
Leader of the  
Wreckers



QUICKLY! USE YOUR  
WIREPOON, DUKE.

IT'S  
JAMMED!

PIFFT



WHUP  
WHUP

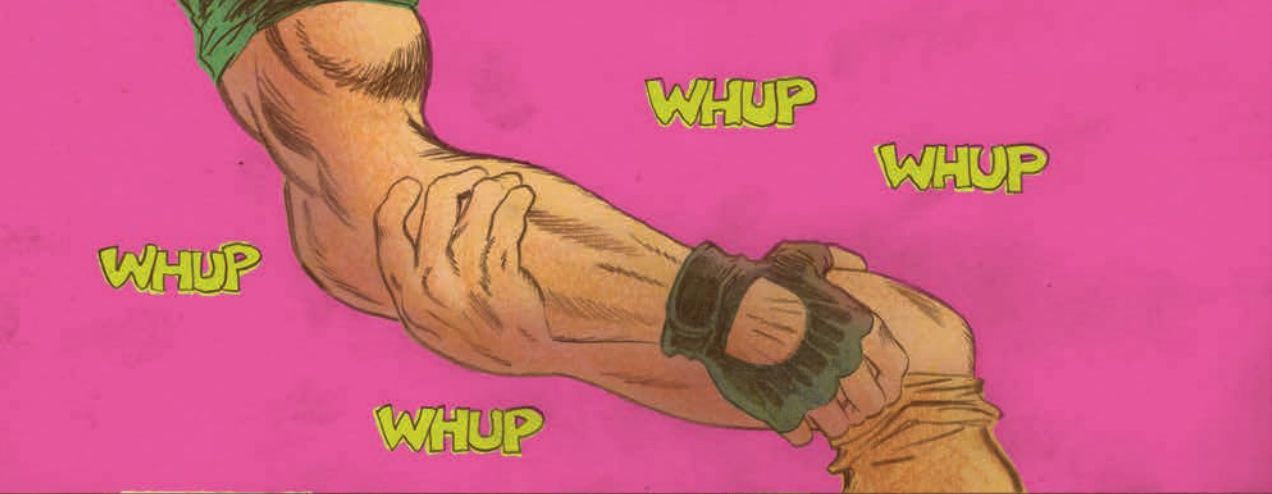
WHUP  
WHUP

WHUP  
WHUP

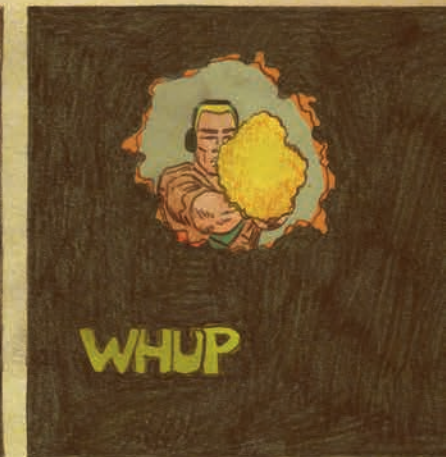
WHUP  
WHUP

RUN  
RUN

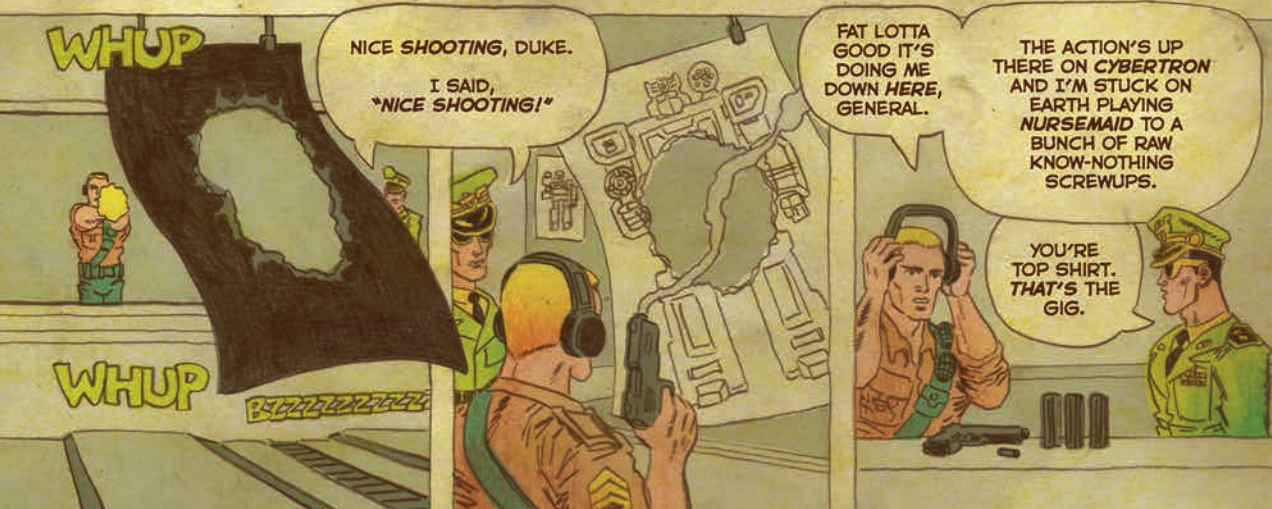
WHUP  
WHUP



YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T LEAVE YOU HANGING, BRO.



# FLASHBACK WHEN THE EARTH WAS STILL WHOLE



NICE SHOOTING, DUKE.

I SAID, "NICE SHOOTING!"

FAT LOTTA GOOD IT'S DOING ME DOWN HERE, GENERAL.

THE ACTION'S UP THERE ON CYBERTRON AND I'M STUCK ON EARTH PLAYING NURSEMAID TO A BUNCH OF RAW KNOW-NOTHING SCREWUPS.

YOU'RE TOP SHIRT. THAT'S THE GIG.

AND IT'S AN IMPORTANT GIG, DUKE. YOU'RE TRAINING THAT VITAL SECOND WAVE OF MEN AND WOMEN SHIPPING OUT TO CYBERTRON. I WOULDN'T TRUST ANYONE ELSE. WHEN THEY'RE STARING DOWN THE BARREL OF SOME PSYCHOTIC PINBALL MACHINE'S RIFLE, I WANT YOUR SCREAMING VOICE RATTLING IN THEIR HEADS.

YOU'RE ALL THE BEST OF THE BEST IN YOUR VARIOUS FIELDS. IN G.I. JOE, THAT DON'T MEAN SQUAT. YOU'RE ALL RAW BEGINNERS AT THE BOTTOM OF A TALL LADDER.

I'VE HEARD ALL THE GRUMBLING--THE BACK-TALK. "CYBERTRON IS A GARGANTUA-CLASS CIVILIZATION. WAH!"

"WE'RE GONNA BE MAROONED ON A PLANET OF 200-TON GIANTS." GUESS WHAT? UNCLE SUGAR ISN'T ABOUT TO SEND YOU UP WITHOUT THE PROPER TOOLS AND TRAINING.

IT'S TRUE, THEIR CITIES WERE NOT DESIGNED FOR NORMAL AMERICAN-SIZED PEOPLE, SO EXPECT TO DO A LOT OF CLIMBING.

YOU'LL BE ISSUED A WIREPOON--DID I SAY SOMETHING FUNNY? LIKE I WAS SAYING-- A WIREPOON GRAPPLING GUN. KEEP IT IN GOOD WORKING ORDER.



YOU'LL ALSO BE ISSUED PORTABLE AIR SUPPORT--JET PACKS. WHEN USED IN COMBINATION, YOU WILL BE QUITE FORMIDABLE, TRAINED IN THE ART OF JET-HOOK FU... JETPACK GRAPPLING HOOK COMBAT.

TO THE ENEMY, YOU WILL BE MOSQUITOS ARMED WITH PROTON CANNONS AND TACTICAL NUKES. IMAGINE FOR A MOMENT HOW SCARY YOU'LL BE TO 'EM.

THE GENERAL PUBLIC DOES NOT KNOW WHAT THE CYBERTRONIANS LOOK LIKE UNDER ALL THAT ARMOR, BUT I DO.

JET-HOOK FU?  
WHAT EXACTLY ARE  
WE IN FOR?



I'M HERE TO TELL YOU, THERE AIN'T *NOTHING* UNDER THERE BUT MORE METAL AND CIRCUITS.

NO LIVING TISSUE. NO *GUTS*. NO *GOO*. SO YOU HAVE PERMISSION TO PLAY *DIRTY*. THE GENEVA CONVENTIONS DO NOT APPLY AGAINST NON-HUMAN COMBATANTS. YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A GRAND OLD TIME.

I WILL TEACH YOU PEOPLE TO SURVIVE ON A PLANET OF FLESH-EATING ROBOTS. ALL I ASK IN RETURN IS THAT YOU DON'T MAKE ME LOOK BAD.

YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED ONE IOTA, HAVE YOU, CONNIE?

"YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME! YOU'RE JOINING UP?"



*YEP!* ALREADY SIGNED THE PAPERS. GONNA BE A GREEN BERET, JUST LIKE POPS. WHAT'S THE MATTER? AFRAID YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO SALUTE ME WHEN I MAKE LIEUTENANT?

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GONNA EMBARRASS THIS FAMILY AND OUR PROUD TRADITION OF MILITARY SERVICE, YOU MEATBALL.

